THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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From the Lady's (London) Museum.

ON MARRYING A FASHIONABLE WIFE.

Mr. Knox, in his admirable, and justly admired Essays, observes, that " all heads of families are presidents of little societies, which they are bound to regulate by *precept* and *example*;" but let me ask the fashionable female, whether she considers herself in this responsible light?

Although I have reason to believe that my case is not an *uncommon* one, perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may do me the favour of inserting it in your judicious work; and though I do not expect the evil under which I labour to be remedied by publication, I trust it may act as a warning to the inexperienced of my sex. Allow me, then, to tell you, Sir, that I am the son of an eminent physician, whose abilities were not merely confined to medical skill; for his knowledge flowed in as extensive a channel, as the fertilizing stream of the Nile. Under the auspices of such a father, it was impossible that my mind should not become intelligent; and he had the happy art of blending instruction with delight. As it was his intention to bring me up to his own profession, I was sent to Edinburgh for the purpose of taking my degrees.

I had not been at college more than six months, when I heard an alarming account of this excellent parent's health. With filial solicitude I hastened back to England. But how shall I paint the shock which my feelings underwent! Disease had contracted his manly form into the debility of age: and those nerves which had appeared strung for strength and exertion, a paralytic tremor had universally seized. So completely was I shocked by the ravages of sickness, that it was impossible to conceal the emotions I endured; which the author of my existence observing, he stretched out his hand, and burst into tears.

" It is vain, my dear Charles, (said he) to conceal my real situation from you; though I have endeavoured to make your mother believe that my indisposition was to be cured; and had providence thought fit to spare me a few years longer, I should have relied upon you as my family's support. As it is, heaven knows what will become of them. The education of nine children has been attended with no small expence: and I have been obliged to pay three thousand pounds, and upwards, for your elder brother's extravagance and debts. One method there is, by which independence may be secured to you; or, I ought rather to say, by which affluence complete may be enjoyed; for Miss St. Ledger's guardian has informed me, that you have made a strong impression upon her heart; and she comes into the possession of three thousand pounds a year, on the day of her marriage, or when she arrives at the age of twenty-one.

" I need not point out to you the enjoyment which such a fortune will procure you. At the same time I entreat you not to purchase them at the expence of your peace; yet, if you should not have any previous attachment, such an alliance is not to be despised."

The person of Miss St. Ledger might certainly be called pleasing; but I had discovered no small degree of frivolty in her mind; and she had been educated in so expensive a manner, that I had little hope of her making a *very domestic wife.* Still, as she had felt so strong a preference for me, as to permit the overture to come from her side, I flattered myself, that, in compliance with my wishes, she might be induced to sacrifice her own taste. My mother urged the necessity of this alliance in much stronger language than that which my father had used; and though he had endeavoured to conceal the danger of his malady from her, she was completely prepared for the worst that could occur. She therefore painted, in the most forcible manner, the forlorn situation she should be reduced to when deprived of her only support; as she was persuaded, from the expences of her family, that, instead of being able to make any provision for her, he was rather involved in debt.

A wish of becoming beneficial to my family, induced me, with some reluctance to comply with their desires; for tho' my heart was completely indifferent to every other female, I could not help thinking Miss St. Ledger's disposition was not calculated to make me blest. I had the happiness, however, of seeing that the bare idea of this union afforded the highest gratification to my beloved father's mind; in *me* he seemed to behold

a support for his widow, and a sustaining prop on which his younger children might depend.

In about three months after the death of this excellent parent, the accomplished Harriet St. Ledger became Mrs. B.; and I must have been lost to every sense of gratitude and affection, had I not felt flattered by her proofs of tenderness and esteem. Though my heart was deeply wounded by the shock it had so recently suffered, I endeavoured to assume a gaiety of appearance very foreign to what I felt; and we passed the honey-moon at Bath, in a series of amusements, and living in an unbounded style of expence. Tired as I was of this eternal round of dissipation, yet I endeavoured to conceal my chagrin; but, at the expiration of a month, I ventured mildly to hint my wishes of returning to our country seat.

April, the herald of spring, was fast closing upon us, to make way for a month still more inviting to the eye; and the mildness of the season had been so favorable to vegetation, that the budding blossom of the hawthorn began to perfume the air. The country, however, presented no charms to the mind of Harriet, equal to the splendour of the crouded rooms at Bath; and as I did not chuse to oppose her inclinations, we remained there until all the public amusements closed. At every stage which brought us nearer to our country residence, Harriet expressed her regret at leaving Bath; and when I endeavoured to point out the more rational enjoyments she might experience, she either hummed a tune, or burst into a laugh.

So deeply was I hurt, so severely were my feelings wounded, that I could scarcely help exclaiming, Is this the being with whom I have engaged to pass the residue of my life; when our souls seem to be as opposite as the contending elements? That, in gratifying the wishes of my family, I had sacrificed my own happiness, no longer admitted of a doubt: my disposition was completely formed for domestic pleasures, whilst my wife's enjoyments all consisted in an unceasing intercourse with the world.

As the first six weeks were spent in receiving and returning visits, Mrs B——'s mind, of course, was amused; but the moment our house was free from the bustle of company, her countenance was overspread with dissatisfaction and gloom. Large as were the sums which had been expended upon her education, even her accomplishments were of the *superficial kind*. She could speak, it is true, both French and Italiah; but reading their different authors afforded her no delight. In her dress she was expensive; in her house, profusely prodigal. If I remonstrated against extravagance, the answer I received was, that she considered it extremely hard "she could not have the privilege of spending her *own fortune* in the manner she pleased It was evident that I had married her merely for an establishment; she was persuaded, I neither, felt towards her, *tenderness* or *regard*; otherwise, instead of wishing to diminish her innocent enjoyments, to see her *happy*, would have been the first wish of my heart."

These, or something similar, were the replies which were made me, whenever I presumed to offer my advice, or pointed out the impropriety of her lavishing such immense sums upon dress. The period, however, was rapidly approaching, when new claims were to be made upon the dissipated Harriet's heart: then I flattered myself with the hope that the endearing name of *mother* would render her less dissatisfied with *home*. For the arrival of the little stanger, Mrs. B—— made the most expensive preparations; which I rather *encouraged*, than repressed, indulging the idea, that if gratified in this instance, the lovely babe would, in all probability, be doubly caressed.

So exquisite was the joy I felt at being a father, that I conceived my dear Harriet must participate in my delight; and when I reflected upon what she must have suffered in giving birth to our little angel of a daughter, a thousand new sensations took possession of my mind. I alternately embraced the mother and the infant, and tears of extatic pleasure started into my eyes. But how shall I describe the transition of emotions, at being desired by Harriet to procure *a wet nurse? A wet nurse!* I exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment, surely, my dear Harriet, you will not refuse nature's gift to your child. Doctor D——, I assure you, has this moment informed me that he will not answer for the consequence of your drying up your milk.

"Do not agitate me, Charles, (said she) by any useless arguments; for I had predetermined never to suckle a child; but as you appeared to me so bigotted to the practice, I did not chuse to say any thing in contradiction to it, until I knew whether it would be born alive. If I was to become a nurse, I must deprive myself of every pleasure, and at the same time hazard the loss of my shape." Harriet, I replied, in a tone of gravity, you can little know the heart of your husband, if you suppose that any alteration in your person could diminish his affection; particularly if it was produced by your fulfilling a duty which every mother owes to her child. I allow, at the same time, that you have a *right* to act as you think *proper*. The doctor informed me that you have a profusion of milk; let me then conjure you only to let the infant enjoy an animal's privilege for the space of a week; it will be the means of preventing the approach of fever, and at the same time will afford you inexpressible delight.

To this mild, but decided declaration of my sentiments, the determined Harriet merely said, that she had formed her resolution, and it was *not* to be altered by any observations that I could suggest. Let those who have been fathers, conceive what must have been the state of my feelings: they certainly were too painful for language to describe. The nurse touched me gently on the shoulder, and

summoning me to the window, said, that by any farther altercation upon the subject, I might endanger the life of my wife. Thus compelled to yield to feminine prerogative, I went immediately in pursuit of a nurse, and had the good fortune to meet with a young woman who was every thing that the fondest father could wish. The life of my wife, however, was near being sacrificed to her anxious desire of preserving a *fine shape*; yet medical skill, united to a good constitution, in the course of five weeks, restored her to perfect health.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ERRATA. Page 102, middle column—for *Batrachyomached* read *Batrachomyomachia*.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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To Mr. P.

"LET me only have a prince for my antagonist, and I will run cheerfully." From the same principle that actuated the hero, who made the above reply, I now enter the lists with a critic who appears to be a genuine descendant of the Aristarchi and the Rimers. Politeness, however, induces me in the first place to tender him my sincerest regards for the honor he has done the author and his production, by his transcendant Eulogy. Dreadful, indeed, were "the dogmatic dissections and elongations of the *rabble*."

Although it be true, Mr. P. that you do not "make any ostentatious display of *learning*," either "by referring to *observations made on poets*," or, as far as I can see, by any other mode; yet, notwithstanding it be "your point blank opinion that all poetasters and *every sort* of men *abstain* from versifying," it is mine that they do no such thing—for the truth of which assertion, there needs no more palpable evidence than the aforesaid inimitable Eulogy.

I cannot but think that your remarks and extolments have something of flattery in them after all. Something resembling the *Pulchre, bene, recte* too nearly to be deemed genuine praise.

Be this as it may, if the Pindaric has really acquired "unbounded admiration," there must certainly be some passages possessed of merit in a superior degree, and entitled to peculiar plaudits. Mr. P. will be condescending enough to mention a few of these, merely for the satisfaction of those who are desirous of becoming adepts in the art of criticism. Such passages could not have possibly escaped the penetrative eye of so profound a Scaliger as Mr. P.

But hold——what is this I see on the other side of the sheet? Why, to be sure, I have been in a mighty mistake. Mr. P. has only been talking a little in jest, just for his own amusement, I suppose. But now that his *inspiration* is luckily *eflated*, his gravity has returned. We are informed that Mr. P.'s "pity has been excited" by "finding talents so misapplied" as in the present case, where a "hurly-burly songster" has "*put pen to paper*," and all "to set the *rabble on* a roar." Mr. P. advises us too that "pure, unadulterated poetry is the *essence of sublime*," thereby intimating, no doubt, that the Ode in question is impure and adulterated. But with all deference to Mr. P.'s judgment, without any vanity or ostentation, I think myself justified in presuming that there are some stanzas in the above Pindaric very far from being despicable——some stanzas which a Milton or a Shakespeare would not have been ashamed to own.

Since, therefore, it is discovered that Mr. P.'s Eulogy is to be understood as an attack upon the Ode, if indeed, it be not an insult on common sense to suppose it intelligible at all, Mr. P. is desired to mention some of its defects, and faults, in order that I may either defend them by argument and authority, or submit to have them condemned at the tribunal of criticism——and at all events have the satisfaction of a "magnis tamen excidit ausis." Yours, &c.

DONALD.

☞ Mr. P. will please to inform his uninformed readers, whether the Chevalier, when "he marked the distance of every planet from the poles," intended that we should understand the poles of the Barbers or its own poles.

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THE ORIGIN OF FEMALES EXPOSING THEIR BOSOMS.

WHEN the Sicambri, a clan in France, began to retire and fly from the field of battle, their women met them, uncovered their bosoms, and said "Strike there, ye cowards!—we wish that ye would kill us, rather than expose us to the disgrace attendent on slavery." This behaviour, and these reproaches roused the courage of the Sicambri, and raised their pride: they rallied, returned to the charge, repulsed and defeated the enemy. In commemmoration of the share their women had in the honour of that day, they were permitted to let their bosoms remain bare; and thus the fashion (which still prevails) owed its origin to the undaunted behaviour of the females on that occasion.

So far respecting a stimulous to courage, from the sudden and almost never-failing presence of mind inherent in the fair sex of all ages, the good effects of it here were most sensibly felt: and had our females of the present day waited the dread of a defeat from an implacable enemy, they would then have done well in imitating this conduct of the Sicambrian women. But imitating them prematurely, and without a cause, in the exposure of what modesty should conceal, has left us almost destitute of any hope to be derived from their assistance in the hour of extremity. [*Jamaica pub.*

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The first care of a prejudiced man should be to suffer himself to be ashamed.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

DEFENCE OF VANITY.

Why is it that we should be taught to think that vanity is a foible? Is it not the parent of every excellence? Is it not a spur to great and noble actions? What would become of the arts and sciences, and even commerce, would dwindle into nothing, but for the demands which Vanity creates? Is it not vanity which excites in us a desire to please, and of appearing agreeable to others, by which we contribute to the comfort, the pleasure, and happiness of those with whom we are connected? Does it not maintain politeness, good breeding, and even cleanliness itself? Swift certainly considered it in that light, when, in a letter to *Stella*, he says, "Do not lose your taste for dress." If there be any who are not vain, it is probably the *base*, the *depraved*, or the *insensible*; for such as possess neither genius, talents, or any requisite to please, have none of those incitements which *Vanity* inspires; they, therefore, either sink into apathy, or have only a propensity to follow the dictates of a brutal or depraved nature! If it be a *weakness*, it is such, however, as we have not found any great man free from either in ancient or modern times; no, not even the most renowned among the philosophers! who ever betrayed this weakness to a greater degree than Voltaire—and, among the ancients, who was more vain than the great Cicero?—But though almost every one possesses this foible, (if it be one) few are so bold and so candid as to *own* it! What is Vanity more than an emulation to excel, which is not only laudable in itself, but is certainly *natural* to a generous and noble mind. Much more might be said in justification of this predominant passion, which is the source of all our happiness, though frequently also of all our misery: but *good* and *evil* follow so closely at the heels of each other, that we scarcely know precisely where to draw the line which separates them! As no passion whatever, to which the human mind is subject, is given us in vain, we must of course conclude, that it is the *good* or *bad* use we make of them that is the sole cause of good or evil arising from them. The best things which the Supreme Being has given us, may, by our own intemperate indulgence of them, be productive of the most pernicious effects; and, on the contrary, the most deadly poison, when administered by a skilful hand, may become salutary and efficacious. We must not omit to mention the Vanity of Rosseau; after a long list of encomiums on himself, truly disgusting, he ends thus: "Voltaire, whom I prevent from sleeping, will parody these lines; his gross injuries is an homage which he is bound to render me, in spite of himself." Now, if this self-vanity is a defect and a weakness, let the *women*, in particular, who are so much censured for it, first take courage, nor be any longer ashamed of *that* having been laid to their charge, from which the most learned and wisest philosophers are not wholly exempt. F.

THE PICTURE OF A CHOICE SPIRIT.

Happening to be out a few evenings ago with some friends, we kept it up according to the phrase, till between one and two; I being elevated with liquor, could not pass by a night-house, always being fond of *seeing life*, as the term is.

I took my seat by the side of a young fellow of very singular appearance; he was tall and meagre, his countenance pale, his chin picked, his nose prominent, his eyes red and watery; he seemed very dull and reserved, seldom spoke, and was as seldom regarded when he did.

Presently he was called on by one in an adjacent box, in this manner, *Frank, tip us a chaunt*, which he did, and was offered a draught of purl by way of payment. I was a good deal surprised, to hear an agreeable voice, some judgment, and tolerable expression, with a degree of humour. The com pany seemed to treat him in a very free manner, which savoured of contempt.

I entered into some discourse with him, and found him to be very sensible: from one thing to another, I asked him his business, told him I thought it was a pity a man of his sense should be, as he seemed, emaciated with filth and rags; when he began in the following manner:

"Sir, I don't wonder at your reflections on my appearance; I am contemptible in my own eyes. My misfortunes are owing to some little natural qualities I possess, which made me what is called an agreeable companion. My friends were trades-people, in good circumstances, who gave me an education suitable to the station of life I was intended for. I was put apprentice to a watchmaker, where the journeymen, liking my voice, took me early into company, to divert them and their acquaintance. The praise they bestowed pleased my vanity so well, that I took more pains to gratify them, than to learn my business. This being noticed by my master, I was reproved severely, which made me *break my indentures*, and run away. My companions applauded my spirit, and supported me some time; in return for which, I exerted my abilities to entertain them, and soon acquired the honorable appellations of a *Rum Duke, a Queer Dog, and a Choice Spirit*. With them I used to spend my time, and shared in all their debaucheries, to the no small prejudice of my health and morals. Then my friends forsook me; others springing up that pleased my old companions better than myself, I was soon discarded by them all.

"Now it was, I began to awake out of my former dream, and found myself surrounded with wretchedness, and not able (from what cause is too plain) to support myself by trade, and having gained the character of a dirty, lazy fellow, were I qualified, none would have employed me. I am now reduced to a servile dependance on any company I can get into, which is

generally that of the lowest: my own reflections are severe; but, alas! too late.

"I have heard several women assert, that there is more of them ruined by their own sex, than by the men; and I verily believe there is more young fellows bro't to want and misery, or even the gallows, by such company, than by that of women."

HILLARIO.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON ECONOMY IN THE FAIR SEX.

"Ye fair be frugal if you'd happy prove."

ECONOMY is so important a part of a lady's character, and so essential to her performing the proper duties of a wife and mother, let her circumstances be what they may, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and take its rank next to the first duties of life. It is nevertheless an *art* as well as a *virtue*—and many well meaning persons, from ignorance, or inconsiderateness, are strangely deficient in it. Indeed it is too often wholly neglected in a young lady's education, and she is sent from her parents to govern a family, without the least degree of that knowledge which should qualify her for it.

This is the source of much inconvenience, for though experience and attention may supply, by degrees, the want of instruction, yet this requires time.—The family in the mean time may get into habits, which are very difficult to alter; and, which is worse, the husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity may be fixed too strongly to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvements. The first and greatest point, is to lay out your general plan of living, in a just proportion to your fortune.

If you would enjoy the real comforts of affluence, you should lay your plan considerably *within* your income, not for the pleasure of amasing wealth, but to provide for contingencies,* and to have the power of indulging your choice in the overplus, though where there is a growing family, it is an absolute duty to lay by something every year. Regularity of payments and accounts is essential to economy; your house keeping should be settled at least once a week, and all bills paid; all other tradesmen should be paid at farthest once a year. You must also endeavour to acquire skill in purchasing.

In your table, as well as dress, aim at propriety and neatness, or if your situation demands it, elegance rather than superfluous figure. Needle-work is a principle part of good housewifery, many young ladies make almost every thing they wear, by which means they can make a genteel figure at a small expence. Early rising, and a good disposition of your time is requisite, as is the neatness and order of your house and furniture. Those who are continually changing their servants, have often too much reason to believe it is their own fault. Carefully avoid making a favorite of any, as it will excite envy and hatred in the rest.

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* A change in fortune has often happened, when least expected.

THOUGHTS ON LOVE.

(Concluded, from page 101)

It is acknowledged by all who have studied human nature, that no enjoyment or aim which we purpose to attain, is without something to subtract from its delight; and if we trace it through all its operations in the mind, whether it have its origin from good or bad suggestions, whether self is its predominating and prominent feature, or whether its design is the benefit of thousands, it is alike obnoxious to many obstructions, and many abatements of its expected gratifications. 'Tis thus with Love, whose operations all feel at one time or other, and which nature intended should make happy the whole family of mankind, but which man alone, of all the wide creation, essays to win return to, by prayers, by sighs and tears*. Ye who have traced a coquet through all the mazes in which she leads a foolish fond lover, who have seen the delight with which she perplexes and torments him, the pleasure with which she keeps him in a state of uncertainty with respect to her affections, and the deliberation and coolness with which she will captivate his affections when she means not to return them; you can best answer what disagreeable sensations are caused by that passion, which is closest entwined around the human heart.

Coquetry, even at first view, appears in itself as detestable; it takes so much from the amiableness of woman, it discovers such a want of principle and so great a degree of selfishness, of folly, and of cruelty, that we might suppose "that to be hated it need only to be seen."—When the unfortunate Otway described woman in all the glowing colours which could be painted by a mind enraptured by their charms, and wound up to the height of poetical enthusiasm; when Otway, I say, wrote the following lines he thought not of that foible which is ascribed with so much justice to many of the fair sex.

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven:
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved.

To a finished coquet not one of these lines can with any propriety be applied. To an *angel* she bears no likeness, for pride, disingenuity, and selfishness, characterize her; and in opposition to the next line, (the 4th) there can be nothing in her, except beauty, which has any existence in "*heaven;*" for if she possesses that, "*purity and truth, eternal joy, and everlasting love*" are things which she is unacquainted with.

Our Correspondent has obligingly favoured us with the following

EPITAPH

Upon the little hero *whose unprecedented fate is described in our last number.*

HERE rests his head upon this lap of earth,
A MOUSE, nor unto fire, nor fame, unknown:
Fate seem'd to smile upon his humble birth,
But fierce Grimalkin mark'd him for her own.

Plump was his body, rich had been his cheer,
Puss, therefore, long'd his glossy skin to rend:
His panting sides bespoke his rising fear,
A dread dilemma soon produced his end.

The sad cat-astrophe shall I disclose,—
Seeking to 'scape Grimalkin's ruthless fangs,
He, heedless, rush'd where the red billet glows,
And, scorched, expires in agonizing pangs.

DELTA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

REMARKS.

PERHAPS I may be thought to derade human nature by resembling it to a *sounding instrument*. But when I see old Harpax capable of exulting at nothing but the jingle of his money, or his nephew only delighted with the rattling of the dice box; the *music* of their whole lives does not, in my opinion, come up to the variety or number (to say nothing of the *sweetness*) of notes on a salt-box.

To what can I compare Clarinda, when she stuns us with her continual noise, while she is repeating her adventures, her conquests, her misfortunes, but a *drum?* What is Flavia, with her changing notes, dying airs, and seraphic raptures, but an Eolian harp? And what is Amyrillis, who keeps a list of all the indiscretions of her acquaintance, and proclaims scandalous anecdotes through the town, but a *trumpet?* F.

BON MOTS.

A man of learning was complaining to Voltaire, that few foreigners relished the beauties of Shakespeare. Sir, replied the wit, bad translations torment and vex them, and prevent them understanding your great dramatist. A blind man, sir, cannot perceive the beauty of the rose, who only pricks his fingers with the thorns.

Bon Mot against Voltaire.

When, on the subject of Voltaire's absurd translation, and abuse of many passages in Shakespeare, the inconsistency of the Frenchman's conduct was arrained in conversation, a man of wit observed, that Voltaire acted as some highwaymen do, rob first and then find safety in murdering their prey.

HUMOUROUS.

Santiuel, the French poet, returning one night to St. Victoire, at eleven o'clock the porter refused opening the door, saying he had positive orders to admit no one at that hour.

After much altercation, Santieul slipt half a louis d'or under the door, and he obtained immediate entrance. As soon as he had got in, he pretended he had left a book upon a stone on the outside, on which he had rested himself while he waited the door opening. The officious porter much animated, with the poet's generosity, ran to get the book, and Santiuel immediately shut the door upon him. Master Porter who was half naked, knocked in turn, when the poet started the same difficulty as *he* had done. Aye; but master Santieul, said the porter, I let you in very civilly. Said Santieul so will I you, as civilly; you know the price, *in* or *out* is the word, and I can dally no longer. The porter finding he was to sleep in the street, half-naked, and run the chance of loosing his place, slipt the piece of gold under the door, saying, I thought a poet's money would not stay long with me, and accordingly purchased his admittance.

We give the following handsome imitation of Cowper's Mary, with pleasure.

WHO, in this world of care and strife,
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,
As friend, companion, and as wife!
'Tis woman!

Who, by a thousand tender wiles,
By fond endearments and by smiles
Our bosom of its grief beguiles?
'Tis woman!

From whom do all our pleasures flow;
Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,
And makes the heart with transport glow?
'Tis woman!

Who, of a nature more refin'd,
Doth soften man's rude, stubborn mind,
And make him gentle, mild and kind?
'Tis woman.

Who binds us all to one another,
By silken bands of father, mother,
Of husband, children, sister, brother?
'Tis woman!

When hours of absence past we meet,
Say, who enraptured, runs to greet
Our glad return with kisses sweet?
'Tis woman!

Who, by a word, a touch, a sigh,
The simple glancing of her eye,
Can fill the soul with extacy?
'Tis woman!

Eden the lost, ensnared to vice,
But well has she repaid the price,
For earth is made a Paradise
By woman!

Bid me with mandate stern prepare
To cope with famine, death, despair,
All, all, undaunted I could bear
For woman!

Place me upon some desert shore,
Round which the angry tempests roar,
My constant soul should still adore
Dear woman!

Guide me to mountains white with snow,
Where chilling winds forever blow,
E'en there contented I would go
With woman!

Deep, deep, within the mountain's side
I'd dig a cavern for my bride,
And there my treasure I would hide,
My own dear woman!

SATURDAY, JAN. 31.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

Charleston, Jan. 16.

We are informed that the crew of the ship Cleopatra, capt. Butman, which arrived in this port on Sunday last from the River Congo, have made oath before James Bentham, Esq. of the barbarous and inhuman treatment which they received during their voyage, from capt. Butman, and Mr. Lawson, the supercargo. It appears from their evidence, that three seamen were killed on the passage, and that those who have returned, are much maimed from their ill treatment—that some of them have been burnt in the face with fire brands, others were beat with hammers—one man had his arm twisted round nearly out of its socket—another was torn by the dogs, which were purposely set upon him. Thirteen of these unfortunate men have been carried to the Marine Hospital, two of whom it is supposed will die—and another is said to have his arm amputated. The seamen are foreigners. Capt. Butman and Mr. Lawson are both committed to jail.

Advices from New Orleans have been received as late as December 25th. Mr. Ogden had been again arrested—and Mr. Alexander. Gov. Claiborne had offered a reward for the apprehension of Burr.

Nat. Intelligencer.

The following neat summary of foreign intelligence is from the Boston Centinel:

The French grand army bulletins are from no. 22 to 31. The last is dated Berlin, Nov. 12.—They contain particular, but doubtles exaggerated, accounts of the daily defeats of the fugitive corps of the Prussian army:—That under the commander in chief, Prince Hohenlohe, (16000) capitulated near Stettin, the 19th of Oct.—That under Gen. Bulcher, also 16,000, strong, surrendered at Schwarten, near Lubeck, the 7th Nov.—Stettin on the Oder, with a 6000 garrison, capitulated the last of Oct. and the important fortress of Magdeburg, with 20 generals, 800 officers, 22,000 men, with immense military stores, fell on the 11th Nov.—Besides these, there were daily captures of detached corps, more or less strong. Every thing Prussian to the W. and S. of the Oder, had been taken; and the 31st bulletin gives the totals of the campaign to be 140,000 prisoners, 250 colours, 800 pieces of field, and 4000 battering artillery. Added to this, the French soldiers had acquired great booty; and the Emperor Napoleon had ordered a contribution of 150 millions of francs (about 28,000,000 dollars) to be levied on Prussia and her allies!

A proclamation of the French Emperor of Oct. 26th, announced to his army the approach of the Russians, and of his determination to meet them half-way—it is not doubted but the two armies met before the end of November.

By letters from Washington it appears, that 250,000 dollars for gun boats, and 20,000 dollars for fortifications, were voted by Congress, the 23d instant.

New discovery in the Slave trade.

From the Telegraph, printed at New Orleans.

"FOR SALE, by the subscriber, at Nos. 14 and 16, South Chartes street. ONE HUNDRED *Brute* NEGROES, of both Sexes, lately from Charleston, by the schooner Two Sisters, capt. Oliver Barth Bosque."

Quere. In what *genus* should the above advertiser be classed in the History of animated Nature?—Amongst Christians he is certainly a *Non-Descript.*

*** *The preceding numbers of the 5th volume of the Lady's Miscellany, may be obtained by applying at the office. Orders,* post paid, *enclosing two dollars, the amount of the yearly subscription, will be strictly attended to.* *Jan. 31.*

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Dr Milledoler, Henry Hill, Esq. American Consul, at the Havanna, to Miss Lucy M. Russel, of this city.

DIED,

On Thursday evening, of a lingering illness, Mr. James Gould Murgatroyd, aged 19 years.

Sunday morning, Mr. George Miller, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On the passage from New-York to Nassau, Miss Mary Bedon.

CIRCASSIAN LOTION,
FOR THE SKIN.

Only fifty cents per Bottle.

A Sovereign Remedy for surfeits, scorching from the heat of the sun, freckles, blights from cold and chills of winter, scorbutic pimples, or eruptions of the face and skin, however violent or disfigured; Animalcula generated under the cuticle or outer skin; prickly heat, shingles, ring-worms, redness of the nose and chin, obstinate cutaneous diseases, and for every impurity or unnatural appearance with which the skin may be affected. To be used as a common wash for clearing and improving the complexion, and in a superior degree, to preserve, soften, cleanse, and beautify the skin.

Sold in half-pint bottles, with printed directions at 4s. each, by appointment, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, 98 Cherry street, near New-Slip

PECTORAL BALSAM OF HONEY.

INVENTED by the late Sir John Hill, for the cure of Coughs, Consumptions, Asthma's, Hoarseness, Defluctions, Catarrhs, and all Phthisickly complaints, difficulty of breathing, and a tough morning phlegm, it is the greatest of all preservers of the lungs, possessing the virtues of Honey and the richest Balsams, and never disgrees with the stomach.

It is as restorative as the Asses Milk, and has the addition of the most healing balsamics. It may be taken at all times. It takes off the fever, recruits the strength, raises and refreshes the spirits, cures all obstructions of the breast and lungs and cures common colds in a few hours.

It is for sale, genuine, at four shillings the bottle, at the Cullenian Medicine Store, No. 98 Cherry street, New York. *Nov. 8.*

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich-street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by ALFORD & MARVIN'S

No. 15, Catharine-street, near the watch house

Nov. 14.

For the Lady's Miscellany

SONG.

BY A LADY.

A new fallen lamb, as mild Emelene past,
In pity she turn'd to behold
How it shiver'd and shrunk from the merciless blast,
Then fell all benumb'd with the cold.

She rais'd it and touch'd by the innocent's fate,
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;
But the tender relief was afforded too late,
It bleated and died on her breast.

The moralist then, as the corpse she resin'd,
And, weeping, spring flowers o'er it laid—
Thus mused: 'So it fairs with the delicate mind,
To the tempests of fortune betrayed.'

'Too tender like thee, the rude shock to sustain,
And denied the relief that would save;
'Tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,
Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave.'

A SONNET.

From the Spanish of Cervantes.

MOTHER, with watchful eye you strive
My freedom to restrain;
But know unless I guard myself,
Your guard will be in vain.
It has been said, and Reason's voice,
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will confinement's rigid hand
Enflame the wish to stray.

Love, once oppress'd will soon increase,
And strength superior gain;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein;
For, if I do not guard myself
Your guard will be in vain.

For her who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning, and fear, will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Tho' Death himself should bar my way,
His menace I'd disdain;
Then learn that till I guard myself,
Your guard will be in vain.

The raptur'd heart which once has felt
A sense of Love's delight,
Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain,
For if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controuling force
Of love's resistless storm
It gives to Beauty's fairest shape,
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax the melting breath it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is spread,
With hands of wool she opes the door,
On felt the footsteps tread.
Then try no more with fruitless care,
My wishes to restrain,
For *if I do not guard myself,*
Your guard will be in vain.

P.

Communication.

"WOMAN IS NATURALLY HUMANE."

WHERE nature, simple, void of guileful art,
Displays the feelings of the untaught mind,
There may we trace the virtues of the heart,
There best peruse the volume of mankind.

No bland refinement, no *affected* show
Of modest virtue or endearing love,
Deceive us by a visionary glow,
But as unpolished, undisguised prove.

In Afric's realm a savage *man* appears,
His faithless mind base cruelty employs:
O er the weak sex an iron rod he rears—
When pleas'd, caresses, when provok'd, destroys.

But still e'en here, mild virtues WOMAN grace,
Her pity melts, her sorrow sheds the tear
Of sympathy, nor can fierce cruelty efface
The image of a GOD impressed here.*

In happier climes, where science has refin'd
The female heart, and every grace improv'd,
Superior powers direct the enlightened mind
And gentler charms adorn the sex belov'd.

By gentlest cares, when languishing we pine,
Or grief oppresses or disease consumes,
Kind WOMAN proves her origin divine,
And virtues lovely as her form assumes.

* Mr. Ledyard eloquently observes in his account of his travels in the interior of Africa, "To a Woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly reply. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet, or sick, they did not hesitate, like the men, to perform a generous action. In so free and so kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Selections.

Frugality is good if *benevolence* be joined to it. The *first* is *leaving off* superfluous expenses, the *last* bestowing them to the benefit of those that need. The *first* without the *last* brings covetousness; the *last* without the *first*, brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper.—Happy the place where that is found!

Fundamental *truths* resemble the stars; and our reason is like the graphometer. If this instrument, constructed for the purpose of viewing the heavenly bodies, has been deranged, however slightly; if, from the point of departure, we commit a mistake of the minutest angle, the error at the extremity of the visual rays, becomes absolutely incommensurable.

If our companion must not sway us, *less* should our fears, profits, or prejudices.

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others, where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shews our weakness more than to be sharp sighted at spying out other men's faults, and so purblind to our own. Those have a right to *censure*, who have a heart to *help*—the rest is cruelty, not justice.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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